A LETTER FROM Major-General KIRK in *IRELAND*, To his Friend here in *LONDON*.

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From His Majesties Camp near Dublin, July *the* 4th. 1690.

WHen a Man Dates his Letter so near *Dublin*, you ought to expect a long Relation how we came thither, which I'll tell you as short as I can, and that we must have Success when so brave a Man Leads us as our Master, who was the first Man hurt in his Army, with a Cannon Bullet, which frighted every body but himself; who after he was Dress'd, Rid round the Army, viewed all the Passes, in order to our Attacquing them the next day: I'll also tell you how we came to be so far advanced as *Drogheda*; His Majesty Landing at *Carrickfergus*, went to *Belfast*, from whence he sent his Orders for all the Troops to advance to our Frontiers, the Enemy being possessed of all the Passes, and so strongly Encamped near *Dundalk*, which they had very well Fortified, that if they had not been the least of Men, would have put us to a great deal of trouble to have pass'd the Mountains; but they Retir'd to *Drogheda*, where they stayed Encamp'd, with the River *Boyne* before them, that is but Fordable in three places, and two of them but at low Water: We put our selves in Battle, which sight frighted them, tho' they had the Impudence to come to the Water-side and call us all the Rogues, Rebels, *&c.* that the *French* Tongue affords. That Evening was spent in Cannonading, and the next morning his Majesty was resolved to Attacque them, and force their Camp, which certainly was as bold a thing as ever was done; in order to which, he sent the Right Wing of Horse, and three Brigades of Foot, with some small Field-pieces, to a Pass some 4 Miles from our Camp, which Pass they were Masters of: They seeing us March, went with the best part of the Army towards the Pass, and left in the Camp Lieutenant-General *Hamilton*, and several Battalians, and a good number of Horse, before their Camp, to keep that Pass. As soon as his Majesty had Notice that our Horse had taken the Pass upon the Right, the Enemy making but a slender resistance, for King *James* had already made his way towards *Dublin*, Commanded the rest of the Army to Attacque the Camp; his *Dutch* Guards, with Count *Solmes*, March'd first, who were to pass the Ford by a Retrenchment and Old Houses, that were lin'd with 400 of the Enemy, notwithstanding they passed over the three Battalians of Guards, who were Saluted with a great deal of Fire from the 400 Men Intrenched, so left the Intrenchment; and then the Enemy Marched down with 7 great and good Battalians; the Guards received all their fire, and immediately the Enemys Horse Charged them both Front and Rear; Collonel *Collimot's* and *Ducambones* Regiments in the Rear of the Guard, having no Pikes, were a little ill used by the Enemys Horse; Collonel *Collimot* Shot through the Thigh and Arm, but I hope he will live; the poor Old Duke was Killed by an unfortunate Shot through the Neck from one of the *French* Regiments, being mingled with the Enemy, and had received two Cuts by their Horse in the Head. I March over with Sir *John Hanmores* Regiment, *Tiffin St. Johns*, and two *Dutch*, who were no sooner over, but the Horse Guards of King *James* Charged, and so well, that several of our Officers were Cut with their Swords, and theirs Kill'd with our Officers Pikes. By this time the Prince of *Wertenburg* pass'd the other Ford up to the Neck in Water, with the *Danes*; the 7 Battalians Retir'd in very good Order, being sustained by their Horse, who did not fail to Charge our Foot as they drew up. Our Horse past next, and you may believe the Enemy Run, when I tell you our brave King (for so must all the world call him) Charged at the Head of the *Iniskilling* Horse, his Lame Hand holding the Bridle, and his Sword in the left Hand; no Armour but his Blue Ribbon above his Coat: In the Pursuit we took Lieutenant-General *Hamilton*, and several Officers; a great many of their best Officers were Killed, and above 1000 Men; and, to give them their due, they made so good a Retreat, and so fast, that we could do them no hurt, but frightning them, which is to that degree, that they have left *Dublin*, most of their Baggage, all their Amunition and Stores of Provision, a Country full of Furrage, of all sorts; and I believe there is not 1000 Men left together with *Monsieur de Louson*. King *James* we hear has left the Army, and is gone with some 3 People with him, towards *Waterford*, I wish him a good Journey, our Fleet good Success.

Drogheda is Surrender'd upon Discretion; the Duke of *Ormond* is gone last Night into *Dublin*, to take Possession; we March to Morrow.

FINIS.

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